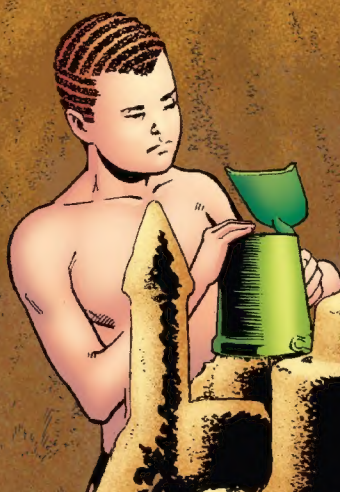
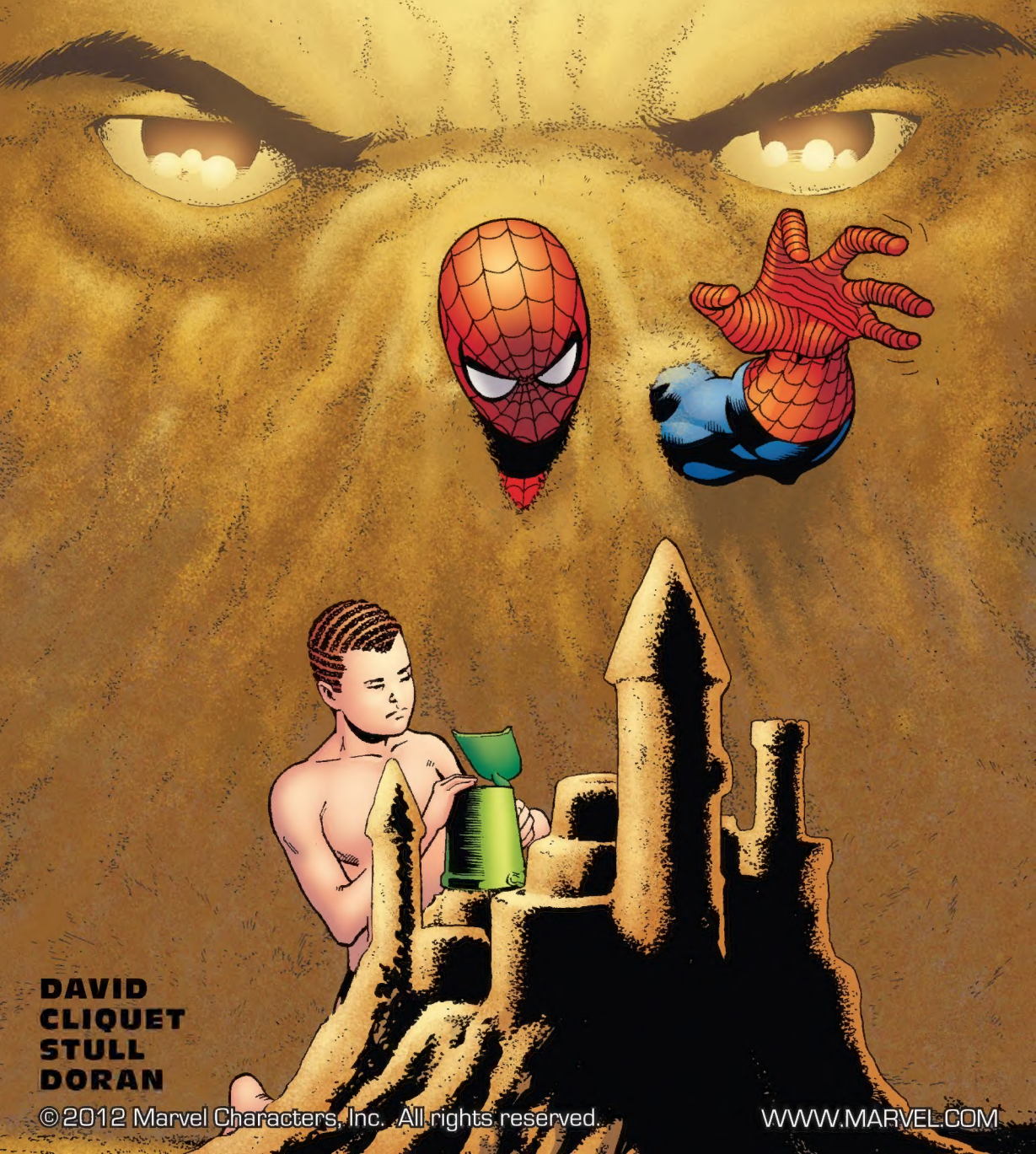


ANNUAL

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1

# Friendly Neighborhood SPIDER-MAN<sup>®</sup>



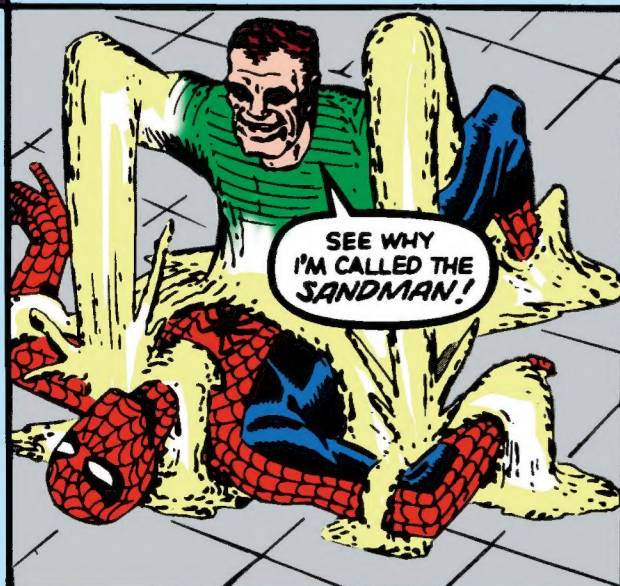
DAVID  
CLIQUET  
STULL  
DORAN

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# SANDMAN: YEAR ONE



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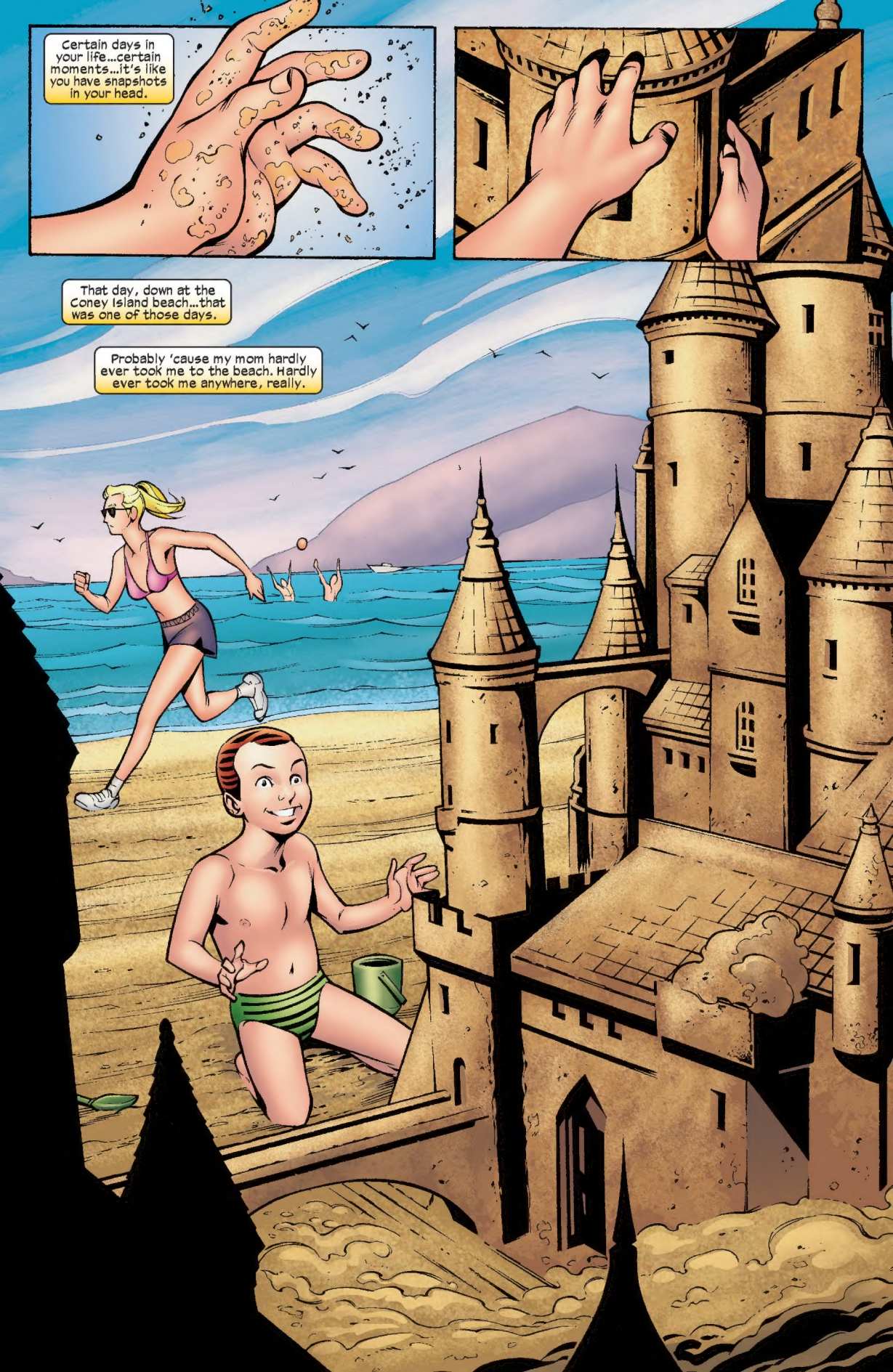
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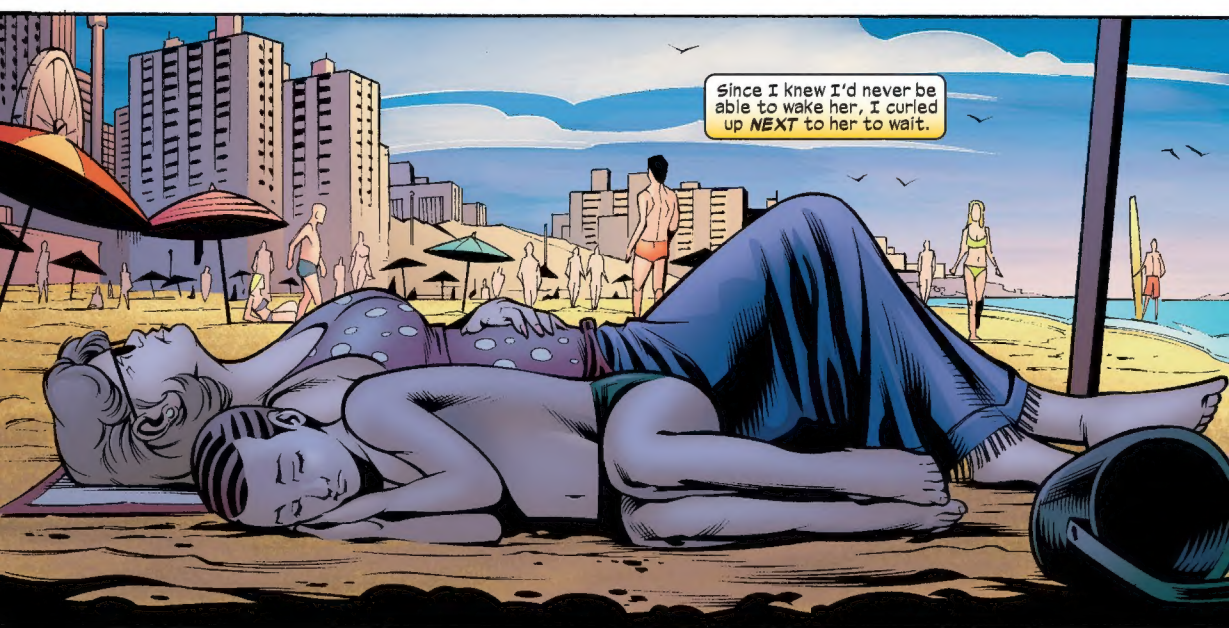
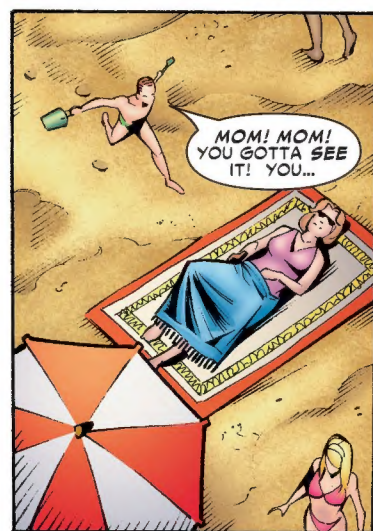
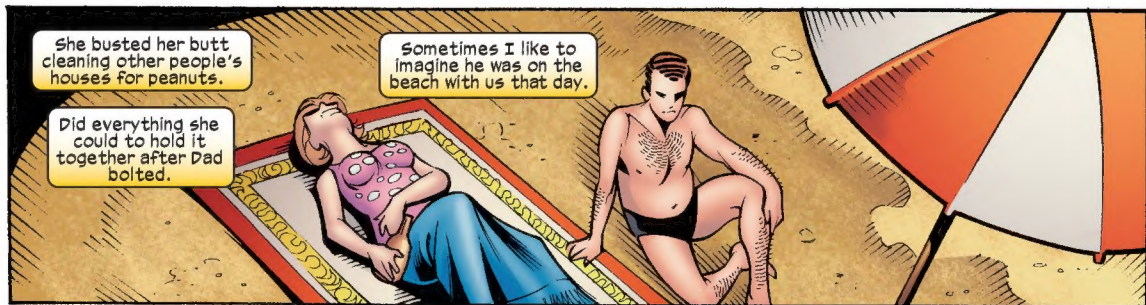
Certain days in your life...certain moments...it's like you have snapshots in your head.

That day, down at the Coney Island beach...that was one of those days.

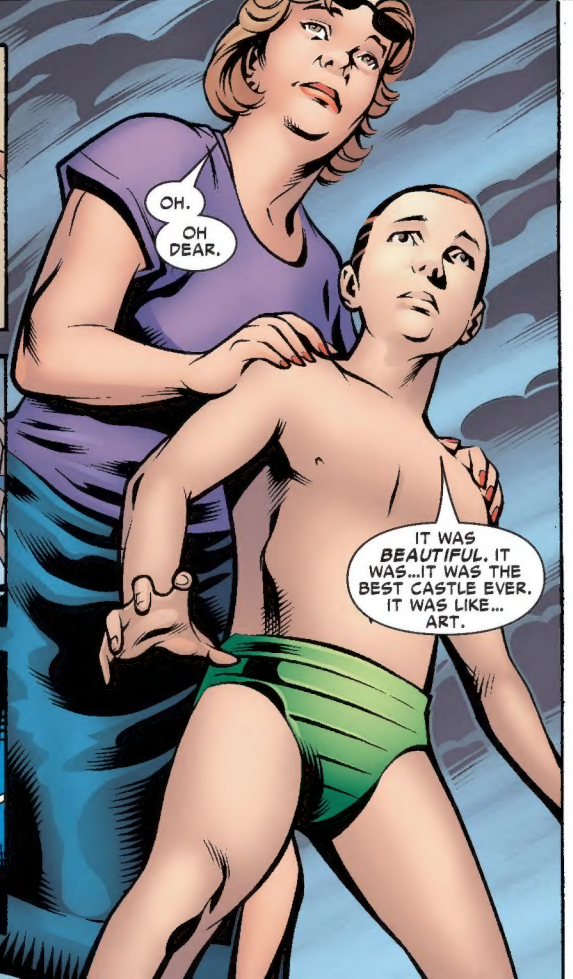
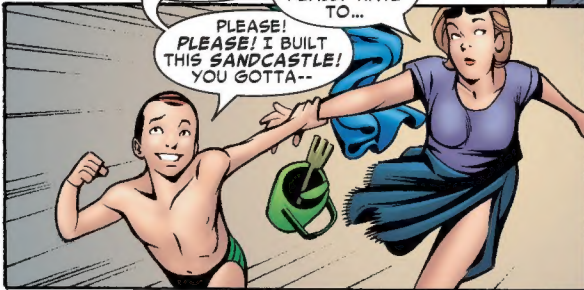
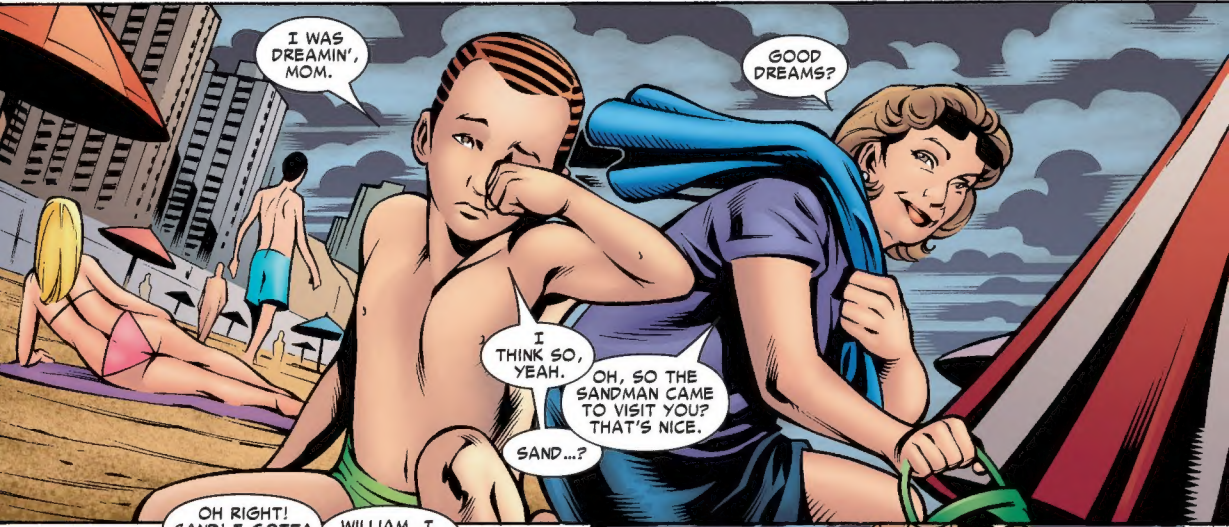
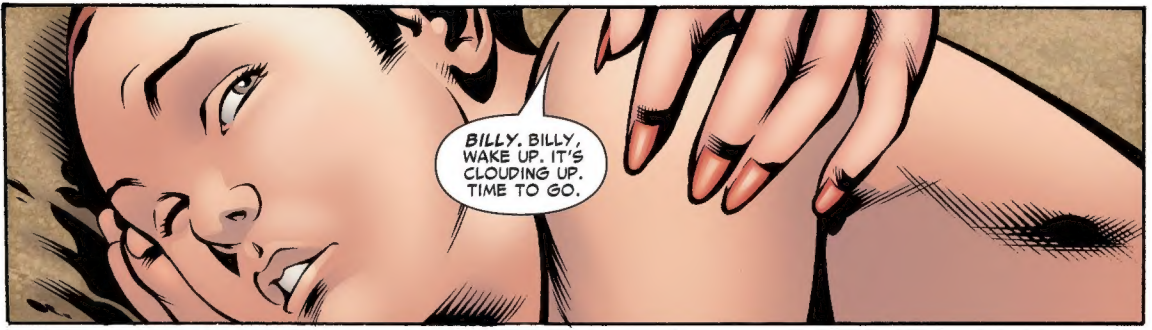
Probably 'cause my mom hardly ever took me to the beach. Hardly ever took me anywhere, really.



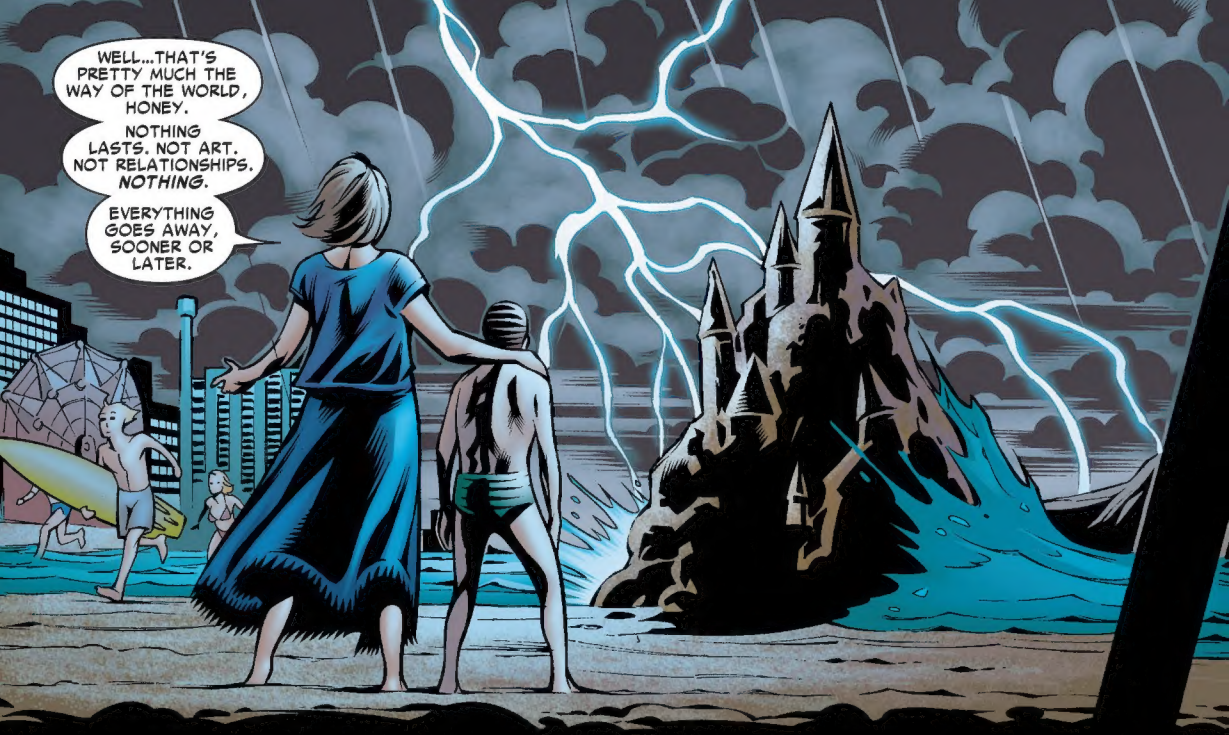








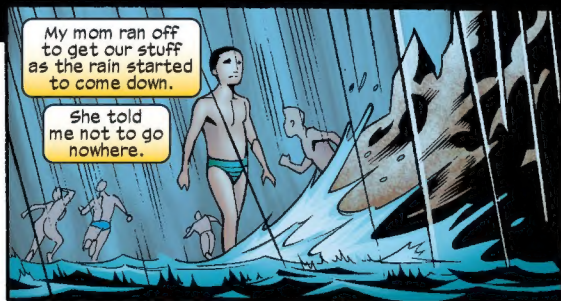




WELL...THAT'S  
PRETTY MUCH THE  
WAY OF THE WORLD,  
HONEY.

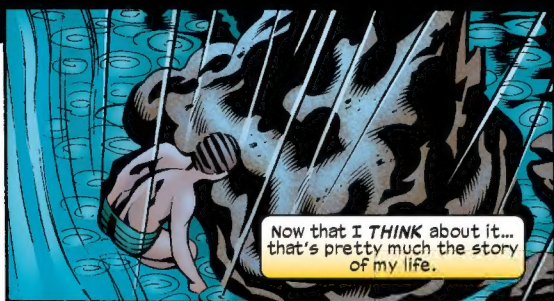
NOTHING  
LASTS. NOT ART.  
NOT RELATIONSHIPS.  
NOTHING.

EVERYTHING  
GOES AWAY,  
SOONER OR  
LATER.

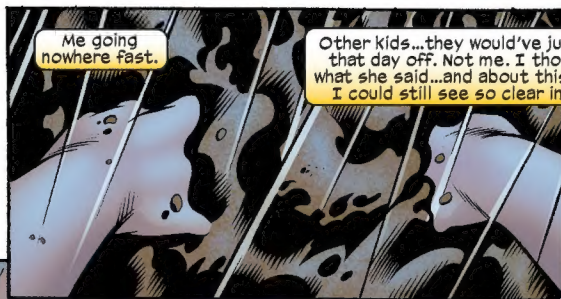


My mom ran off  
to get our stuff  
as the rain started  
to come down.

She  
told  
me not to go  
nowhere.



Now that I **THINK** about it...  
that's pretty much the story  
of my life.

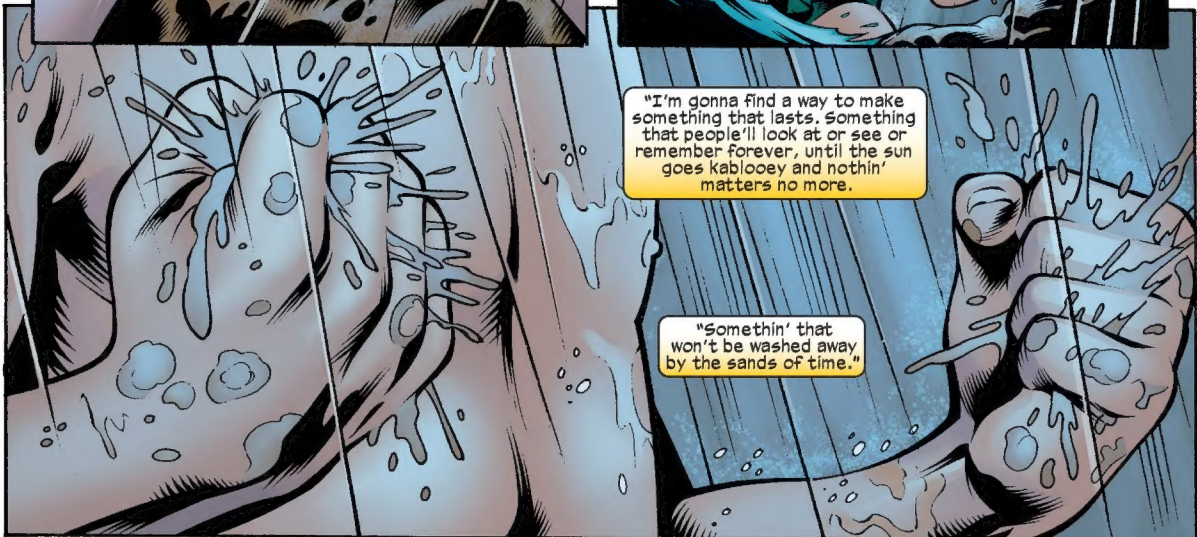


Me going  
nowhere fast.

Other kids...they would've just shrugged  
that day off. Not me. I thought about  
what she said...and about this castle that  
I could still see so clear in my mind...



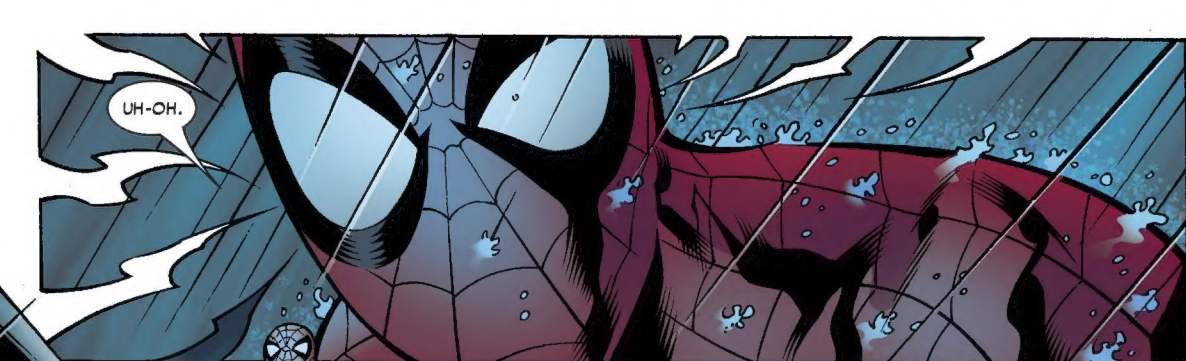
And I thought,  
"Screw that. I'm  
gonna find a way."



"I'm gonna find a way to make  
something that lasts. Something  
that people'll look at or see or  
remember forever, until the sun  
goes kablooy and nothin'  
matters no more.

"Somethin' that  
won't be washed away  
by the sands of time."





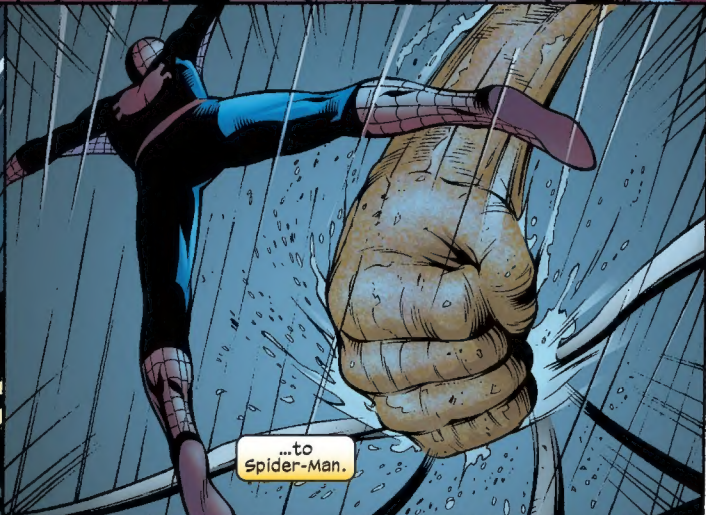
UH-OH.



Life is a wheel. No matter how much it turns and turns, and you keep thinking you're making some headway...

...sooner or later, it comes right around again.

In my case, it always brings me back around to him...



...to Spider-Man.

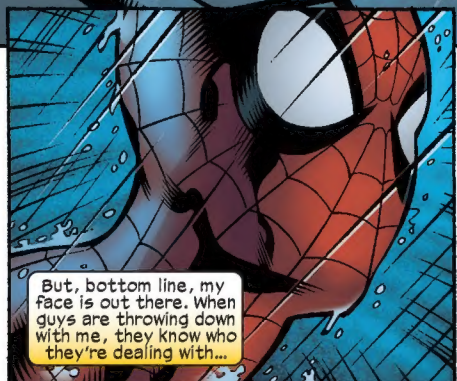


That miserable wall-crawler. Spending his life hiding behind a mask.

I may be a crook... but at least I'm an **HONEST** crook.



Sure, sure, I've had different names... William Baker, Flint Marko, others...



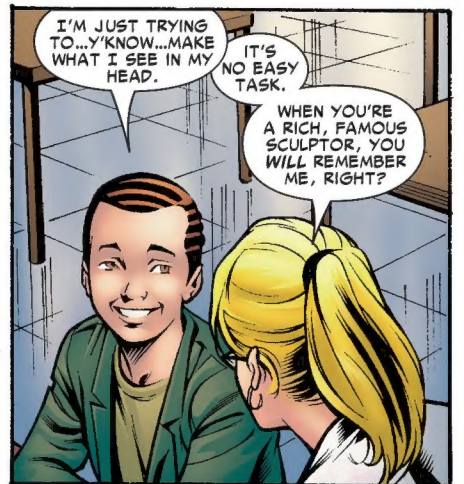
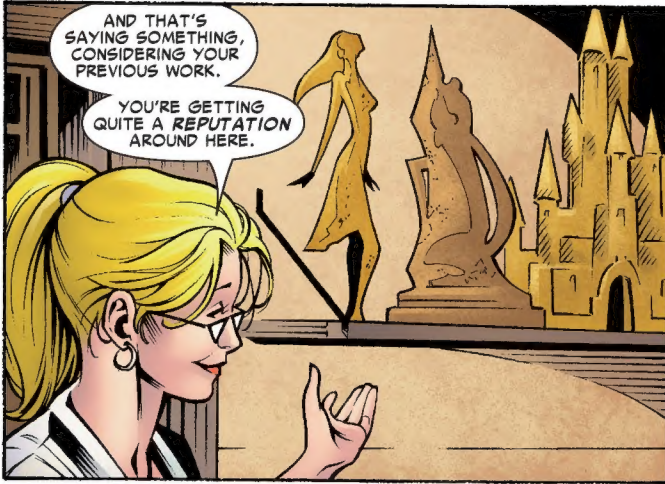
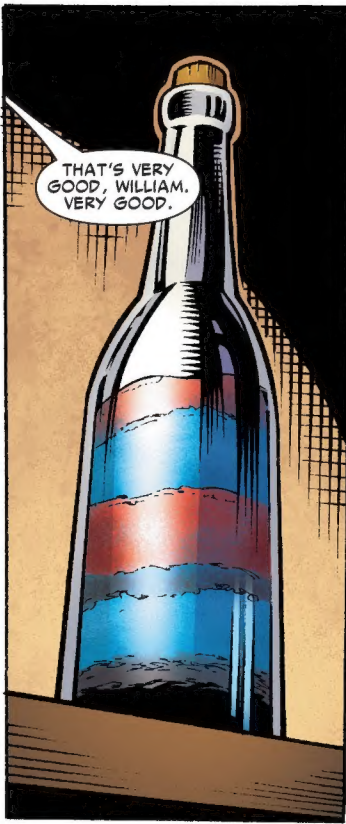
But, bottom line, my face is out there. When guys are throwing down with me, they know who they're dealing with...



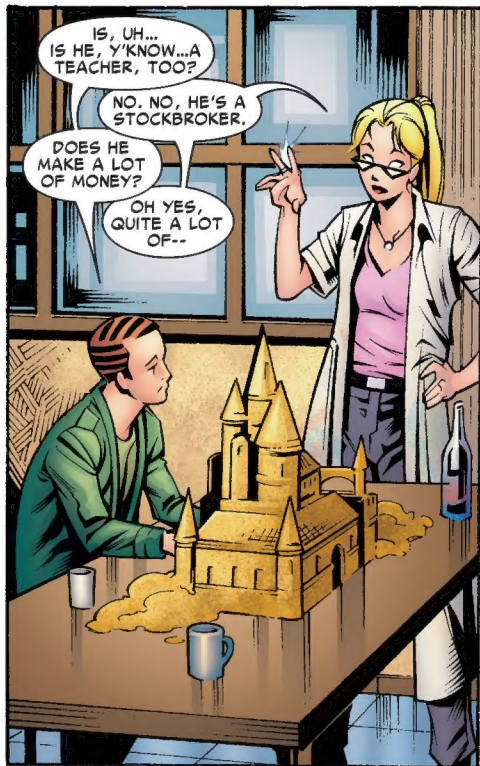
The  
Sandman.









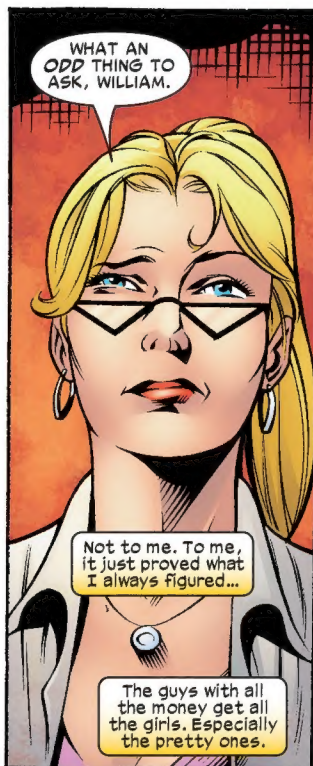


IS, UH...  
IS HE, Y'KNOW...A  
TEACHER, TOO?

NO. NO. HE'S A  
STOCKBROKER.

DOES HE  
MAKE A LOT  
OF MONEY?

OH YES,  
QUITE A LOT  
OF--



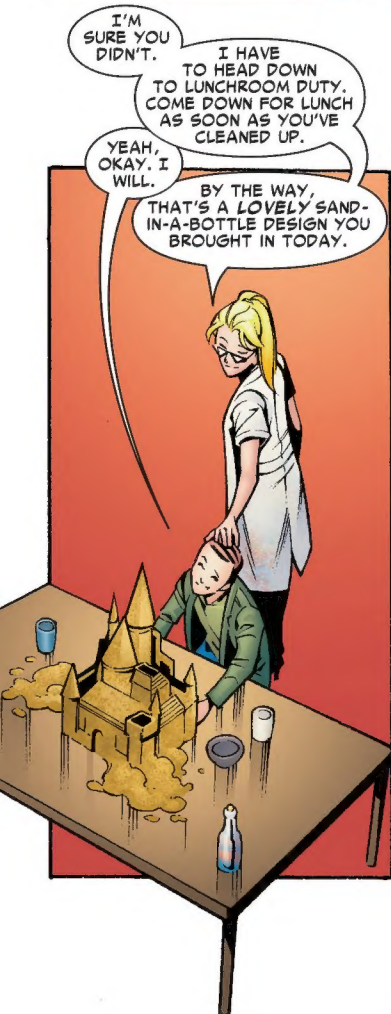
WHAT AN  
ODD THING TO  
ASK, WILLIAM.

Not to me. To me,  
it just proved what  
I always figured...

The guys with all  
the money get all  
the girls. Especially  
the pretty ones.



I WAS JUST  
ASKIN'. DIDN'T  
MEAN NOTHING  
BY IT.

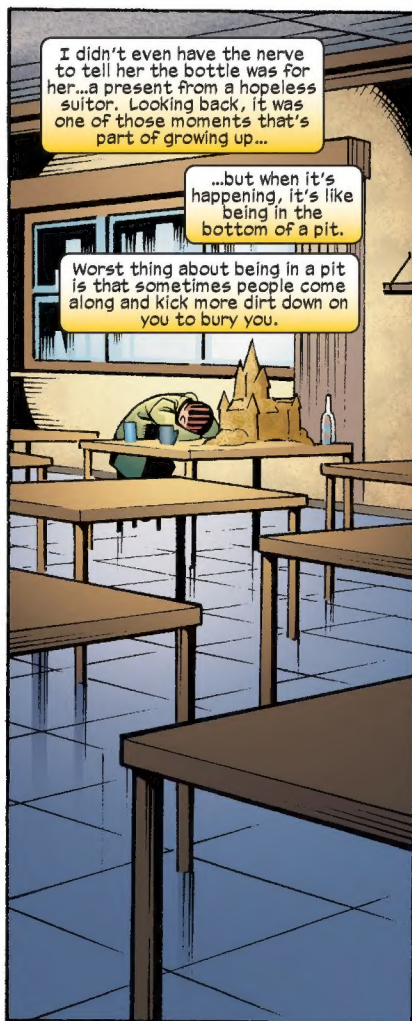


I'M  
SURE YOU  
DIDN'T.

I HAVE  
TO HEAD DOWN  
TO LUNCHROOM DUTY.  
COME DOWN FOR LUNCH  
AS SOON AS YOU'VE  
CLEANED UP.

YEAH,  
OKAY. I  
WILL.

BY THE WAY,  
THAT'S A LOVELY SAND-  
IN-A-BOTTLE DESIGN YOU  
BROUGHT IN TODAY.



I didn't even have the nerve  
to tell her the bottle was for  
her...a present from a hopeless  
suitor. Looking back, it was  
one of those moments that's  
part of growing up...

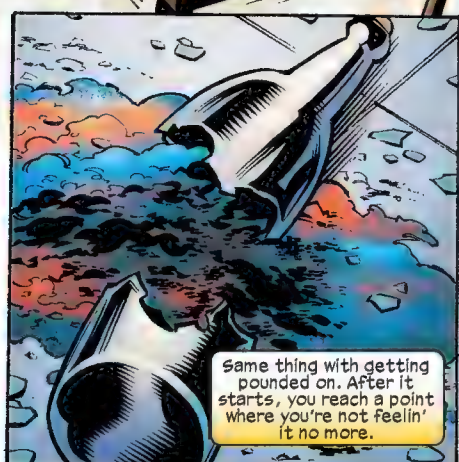
...but when it's  
happening, it's like  
being in the  
bottom of a pit.

Worst thing about being in a pit  
is that sometimes people come  
along and kick more dirt down on  
you to bury you.



OH, LOOK.  
THE BIG ARTIST IS  
BUMMED OUT.

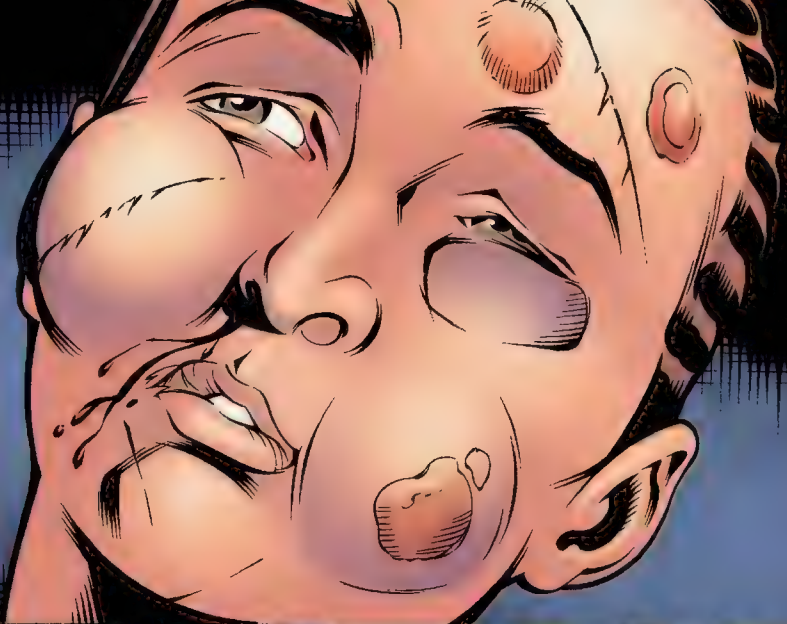






At least  
for a while.

OH MY  
GOD...OH MY  
GOD...



HOW COULD THE  
SCHOOL NOT HAVE  
CALLED ME?

I snud  
out...

YOU  
SNUCK  
OUT?

...uh-huh...  
didn't wanna  
be seen  
lydis...

Areyoo  
mad cause I  
snud out?



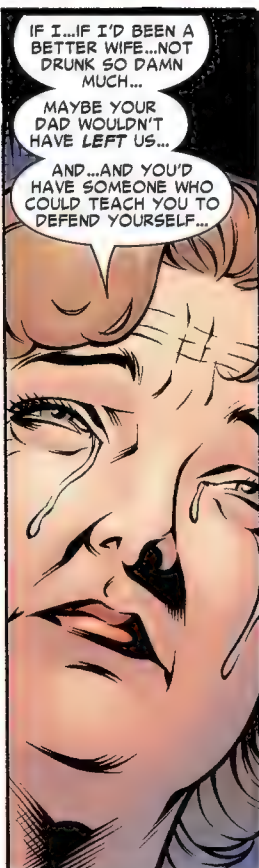
NO, I'M  
NOT MAD. NOT  
AT YOU.

Denhoo?

AT...AT  
MYSELF...

Whadyoo  
do, Ma?

I...



IF I...IF I'D BEEN A  
BETTER WIFE...NOT  
DRUNK SO DAMN  
MUCH...

MAYBE YOUR  
DAD WOULDN'T  
HAVE LEFT US...

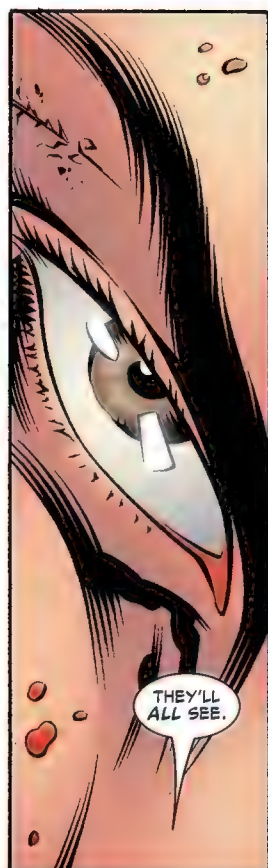
AND...AND YOU'D  
HAVE SOMEONE WHO  
COULD TEACH YOU TO  
DEFEND YOURSELF...



...TO BE A  
MAN...INSTEAD  
OF...




I AM A  
MAN. AND I  
CAN DEFEND  
MYSELF. YOU'LL  
SEE.



THEY'LL  
ALL SEE.






The **BEACH**. It always came back around to the beach.

And, of course, Spider-Man, like I said. So I guess that throw-down at the beach...

...it was pretty much inevitable.



Pick a number, spin the wheel, take your chances!

Go for broke!

you gotta be in it to win it!

What goes around...

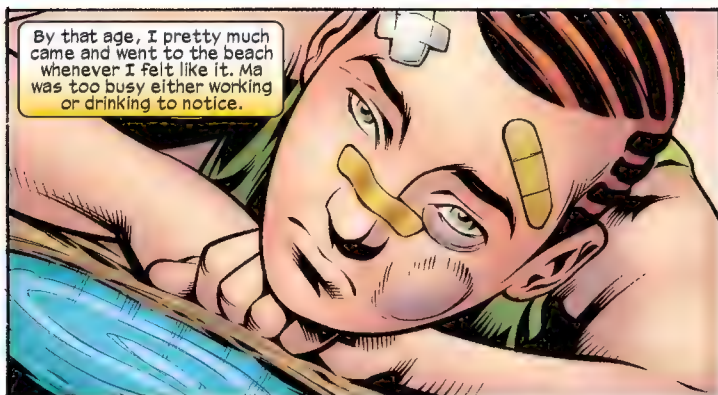
WONDER  
WHEEL

WONDER  
WHEEL





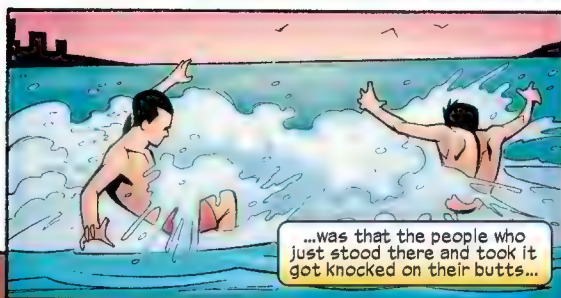
...comes around.



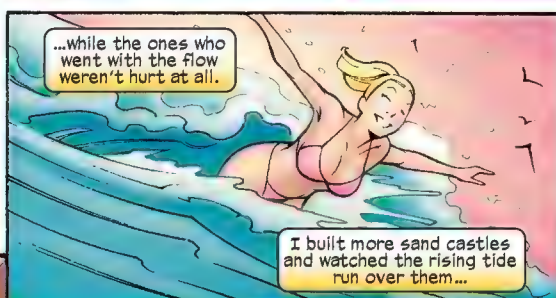
By that age, I pretty much came and went to the beach whenever I felt like it. Ma was too busy either working or drinking to notice.



I went from watching the way the water swirled in the sand...to how it worked with people in it. And what I saw...



...was that the people who just stood there and took it got knocked on their butts...



...while the ones who went with the flow weren't hurt at all.

I built more sand castles and watched the rising tide run over them...



And saw how the sand changed shape, moving with the water.



I watched it for a **REAL** long time.

Then I spent the next month, every spare moment, practicing moving like sand and water.





And the next time Vic and his buddies tried something, all I kept thinking was, "you can't touch me."



"You can't hurt me."



"Every time you think you have your hands on me..."



"I slip through your fingers, like water."




Tump

"Like sand."

Tump





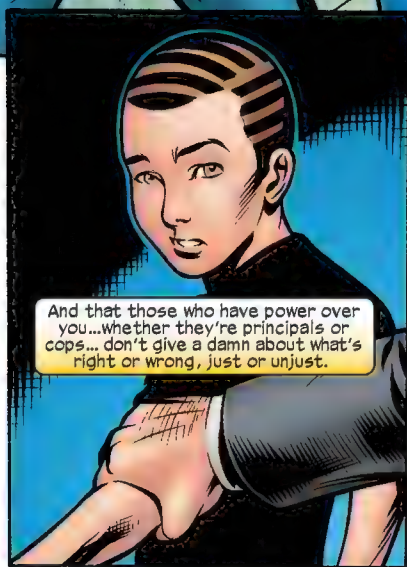
I learned several major things about power that day.




I learned that guys **RESPECT** and **FEAR** it.



That girls are **ATTRACTED** to it.



And that those who have power over you...whether they're principals or cops... don't give a damn about what's right or wrong, just or unjust.



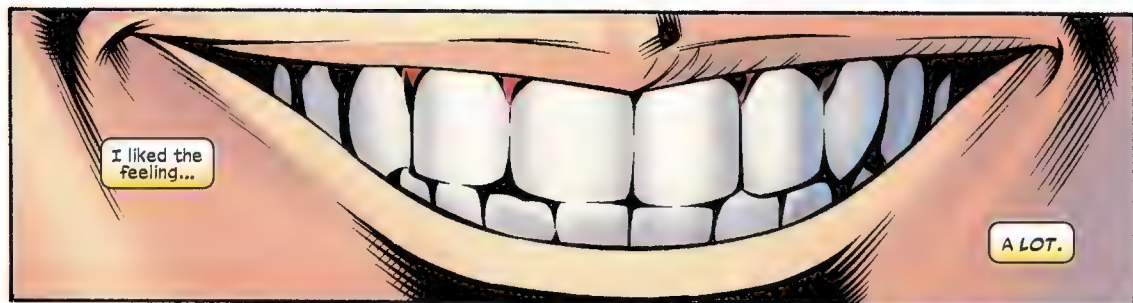
They just want to show you who's boss.



I spent my whole life being good...and kids beat me up for it.

When I stood up for myself, the people with real power slapped me down. And I realized why:

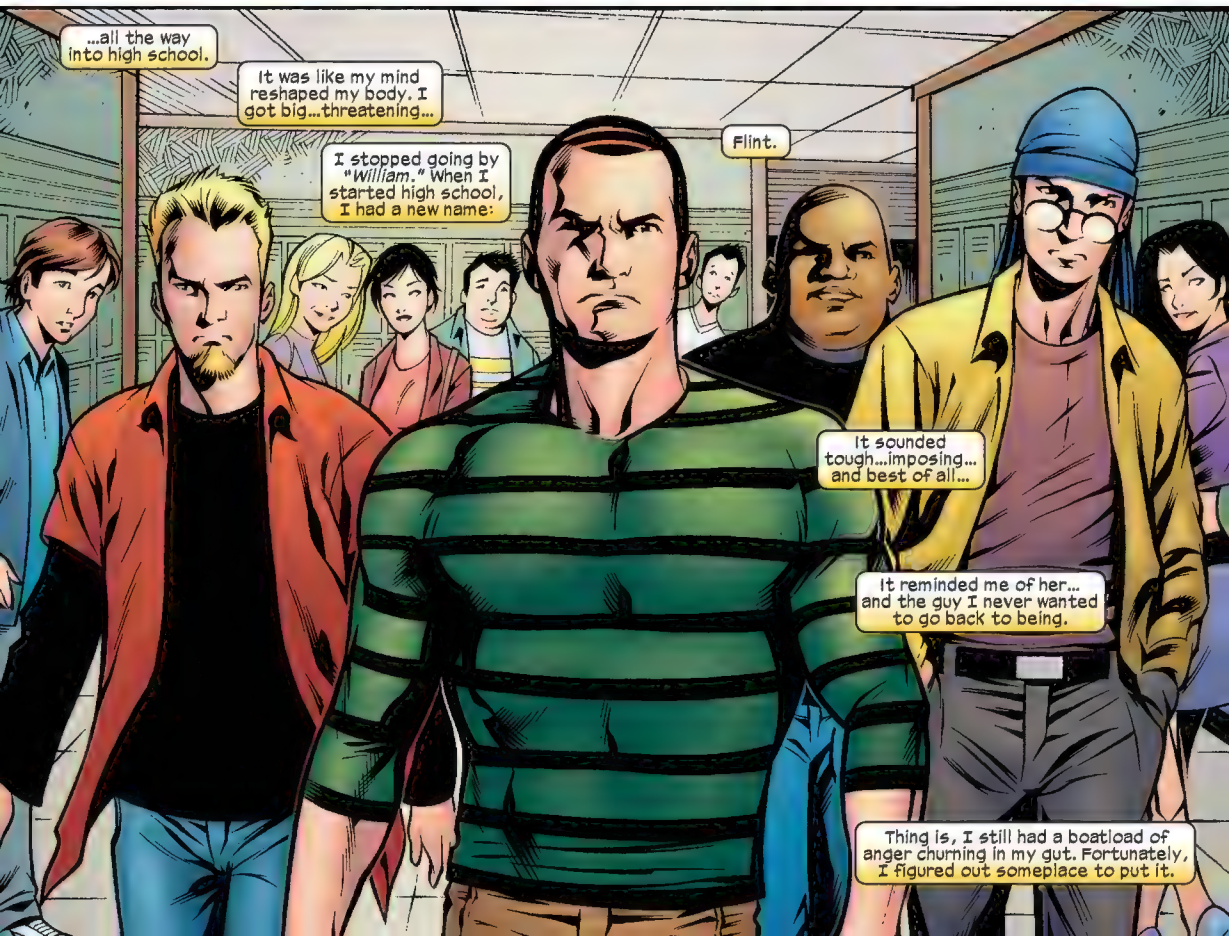
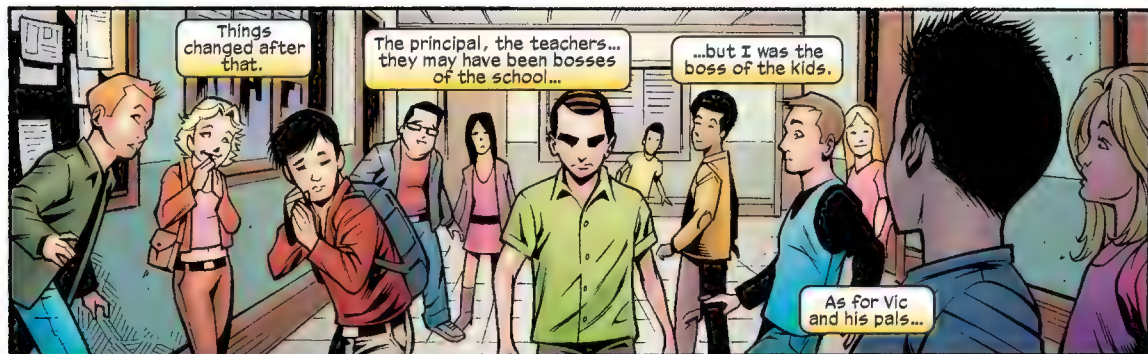
I'd become a threat. And I also realized...



I liked the feeling...

A LOT.

















So I did it. I played for crap deliberately. I figured no one would figure it out.



YOU'RE PLAYING FOR CRAP DELIBERATELY! WHAT, DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT!?

BUT...

YOU'VE GOT MONEY RIDING ON THE GAME, DON'T YOU!

NO!

YOU'RE OFF THE TEAM! IN FACT, IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY, YOU'RE OUT OF SCHOOL!

YOU...YOU CAN'T! THAT'S NOT FAIR--!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE A MARK ON THIS WORLD!

BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ACCOMPLISH A DAMNED THING! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE YOUR MARK! NEVER!



YOU WANT A MARK?



HERE'S YOUR MARK!

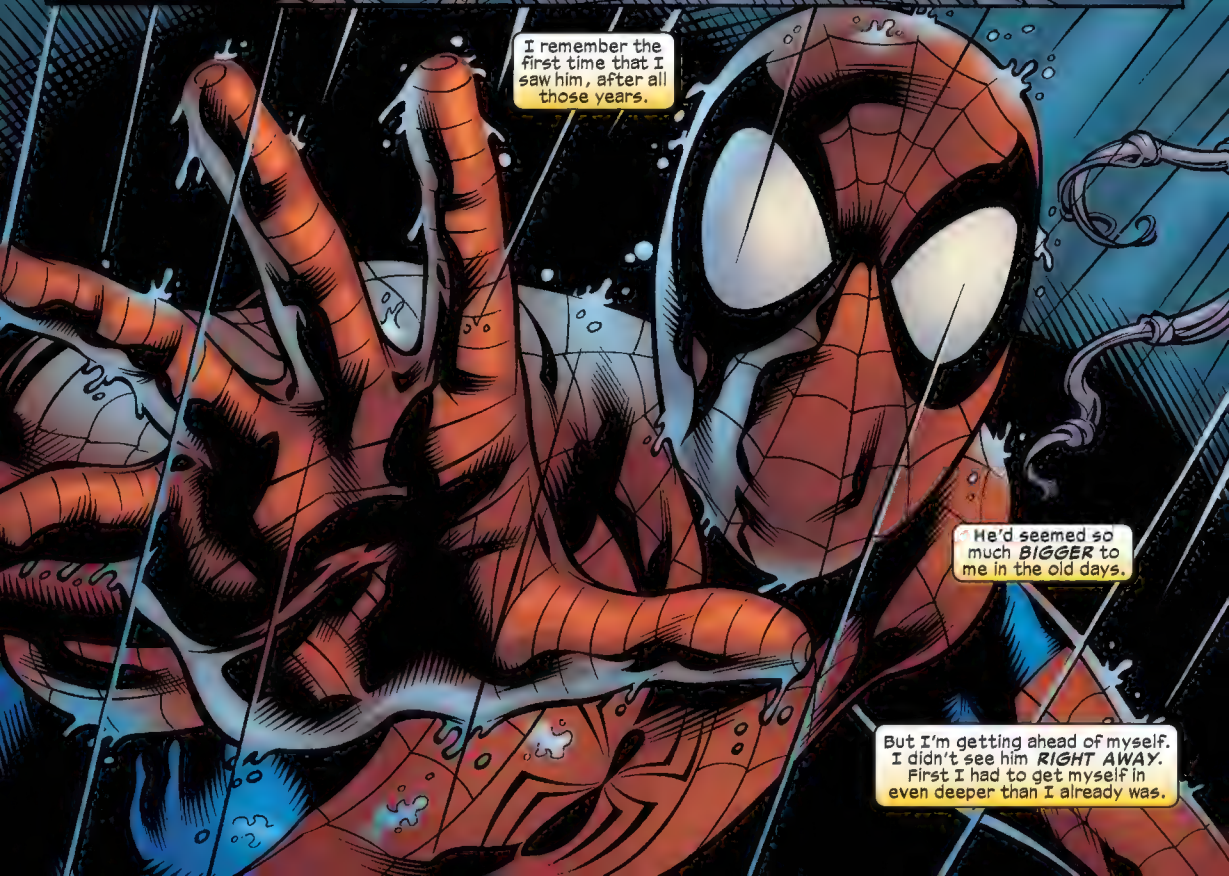
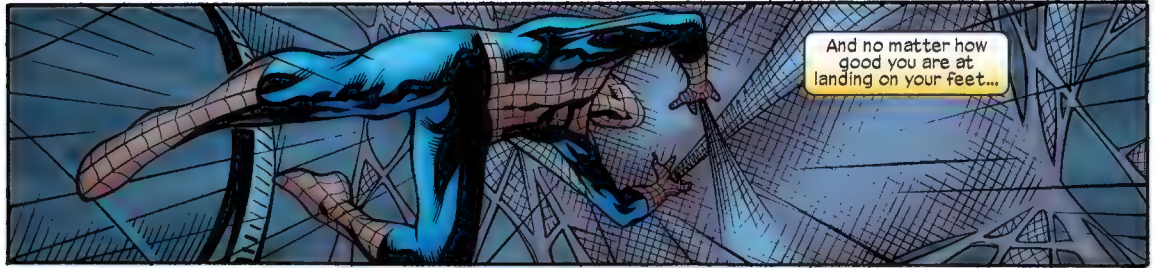
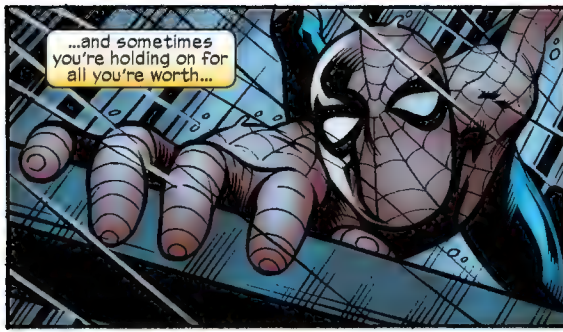
ARRRHHH!!



From that point on, I was pretty much screwed.

My world was spinning out of control...









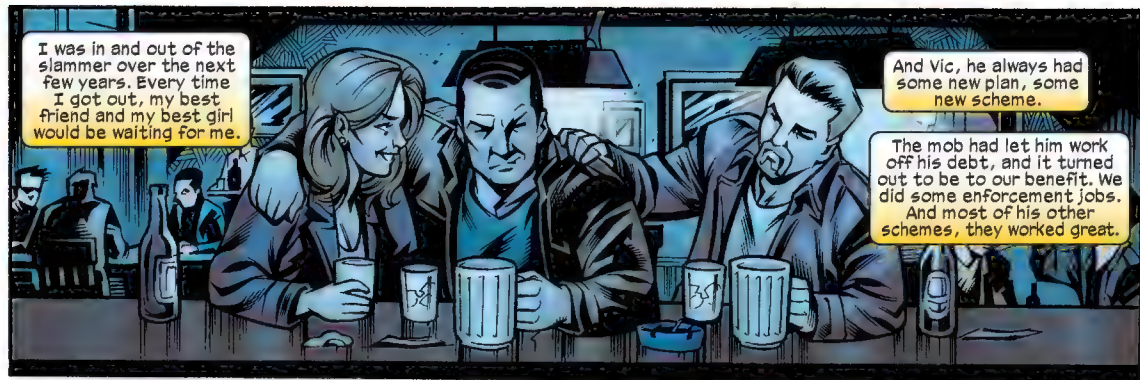








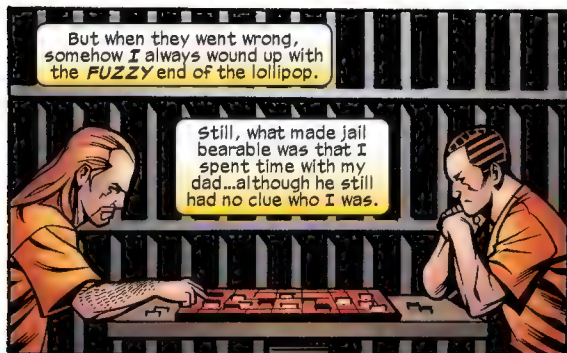




I was in and out of the slammer over the next few years. Every time I got out, my best friend and my best girl would be waiting for me.

And Vic, he always had some new plan, some new scheme.

The mob had let him work off his debt, and it turned out to be to our benefit. We did some enforcement jobs. And most of his other schemes, they worked great.



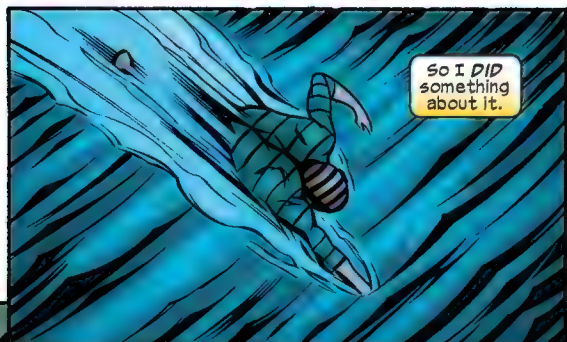
But when they went wrong, somehow I always wound up with the **FUZZY** end of the lollipop.

Still, what made jail bearable was that I spent time with my dad...although he still had no clue who I was.



And then, one day, I was in...but he was out. Free.

I wanted to be with him more than anything.



So I **DID** something about it.



You probably heard about what happened next. About how they kept after me, and I fled all the way down to Georgia...



...and I went to ground... literally.





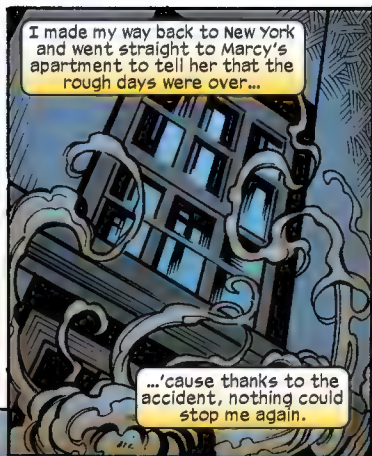
Then a nearby  
nuclear reactor  
detonated...

...radioactive  
waste spilled  
into the sand...

And one billion-  
to-one chance  
later...  
There I was.





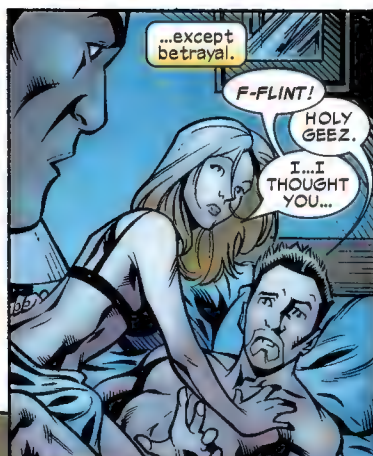


I made my way back to New York and went straight to Marcy's apartment to tell her that the rough days were over...

... 'cause thanks to the accident, nothing could stop me again.



Nothing, of course...



...except betrayal.

F-FLINT!

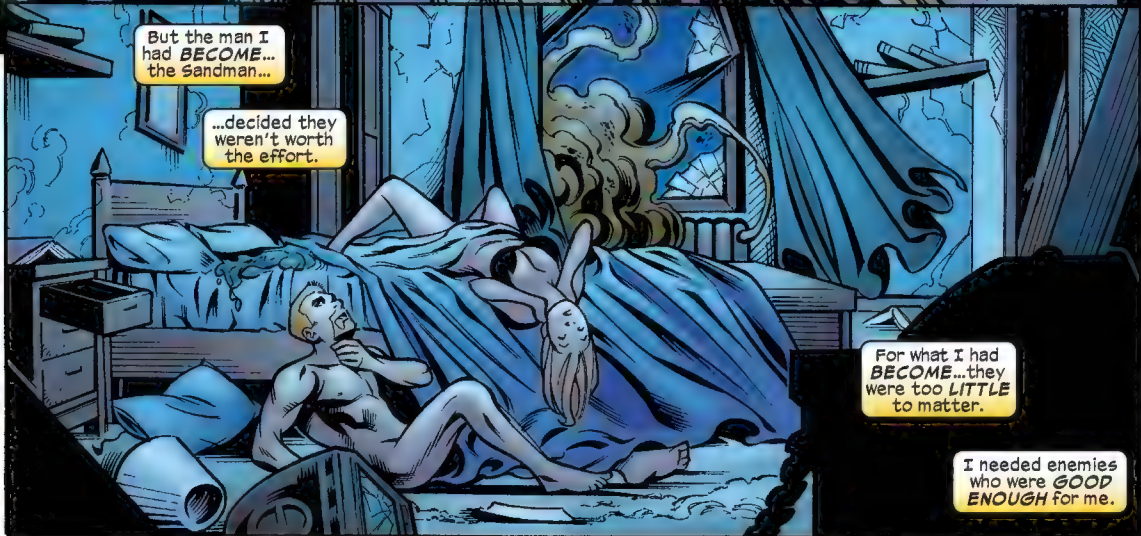
HOLY GEEZ.

I... I THOUGHT YOU...

It was like my whole life had been a **HAZE** and only snapped into focus at that moment. Vic and Marcy had obviously been together the whole time... setting me up...

Laughing at me.

The man I was would have **KILLED** them. Damned well nearly **DID**.



But the man I had **BECOME**... the sandman...

...decided they weren't worth the effort.

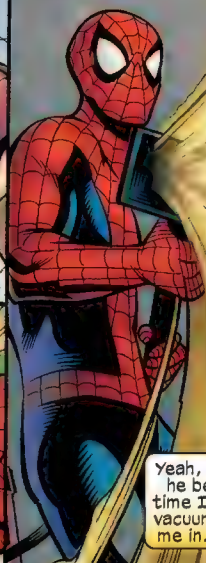
For what I had **BECOME**... they were too **LITTLE** to matter.

I needed enemies who were **GOOD ENOUGH** for me.



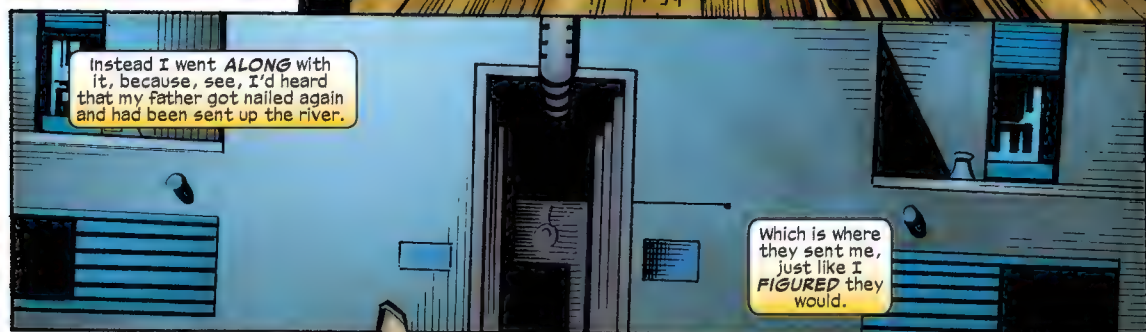
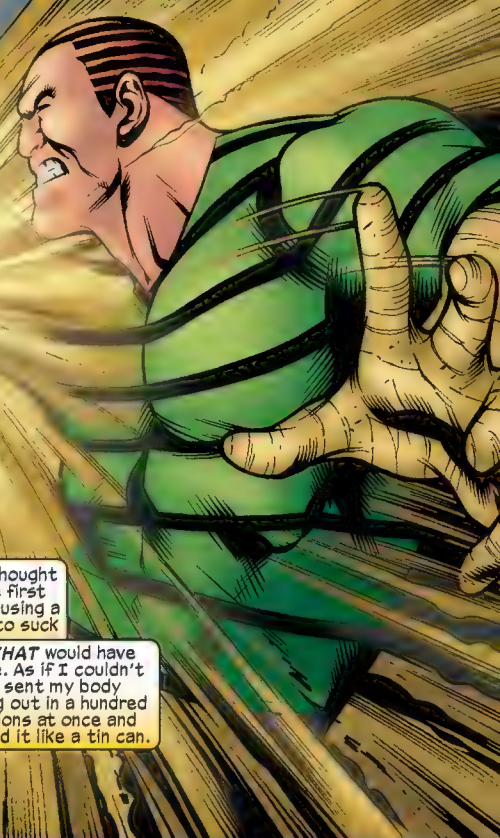


And I  
FOUND one.



Yeah, sure, he thought  
he beat me the first  
time I met him, using a  
vacuum cleaner to suck  
me in.

As if *THAT* would have  
held me. As if I couldn't  
have sent my body  
crashing out in a hundred  
directions at once and  
shredded it like a tin can.



Instead I went *ALONG* with  
it, because, see, I'd heard  
that my father got nailed again  
and had been sent up the river.

Which is where  
they sent me,  
just like I  
*FIGURED* they  
would.



Spider-Man  
didn't beat me.  
Not really.



He just gave me a  
free ticket to where  
I wanted to go.





I had a hideout in Coney Island... overlooking the beach, of course.

IT'S JUST ANOTHER COUPLE BLOCKS UP.

I DON'T GET IT, FLINT. WHY ME? WHY'D YOU GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE T'BREAK ME OUT?

ACTUALLY... IT'S 'CAUSE...

HOLD IT, SANDY! HERE YOU ARE ON BOARDWALK, BUT I DON'T SEE YOUR "GET OUT OF JAIL FREE" CARD.



OH, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME!

WHAT, DID YOU SWING AROUND THE WHOLE FREAKIN' CITY LOOKING FOR ME?

YUP. THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT.

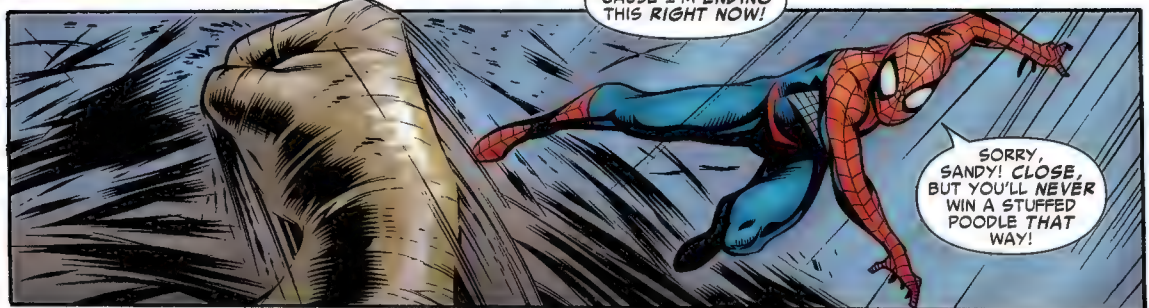
PETER! PETER, WHERE ARE YOU?! IT'S THAT AWFUL SPIDER-MAN!

SAKES ALIVE! A PERSON CAN'T EVEN GO OUT FOR NATHAN'S HOT DOGS ANYMORE IN THIS CITY WITHOUT TROUBLE STARTING!

GREAT. WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG?




NOTHIN'! 'CAUSE I'M ENDING THIS RIGHT NOW!



SORRY, SANDY! CLOSE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER WIN A STUFFED POODLE THAT WAY!





I always loved that movie,  
"On the Waterfront."  
Brando has that great  
speech toward the end...

"I coulda been a  
contender. I coulda  
been somebody..."







WATCH  
OUT!!!!

In the end...just like  
always...my dad was  
too far away.



I couldn't stop it in  
time...couldn't even look.  
I'd screwed everything  
up. **EVERYTHING.**



And just when I  
thought I could fix it...  
along came a spider.



And I went  
berserk.



I used the sand on  
the beach to grow and  
keep on growing.

The rain started coming down  
harder, and Spider-Man, he tried  
to stay one step ahead of me.

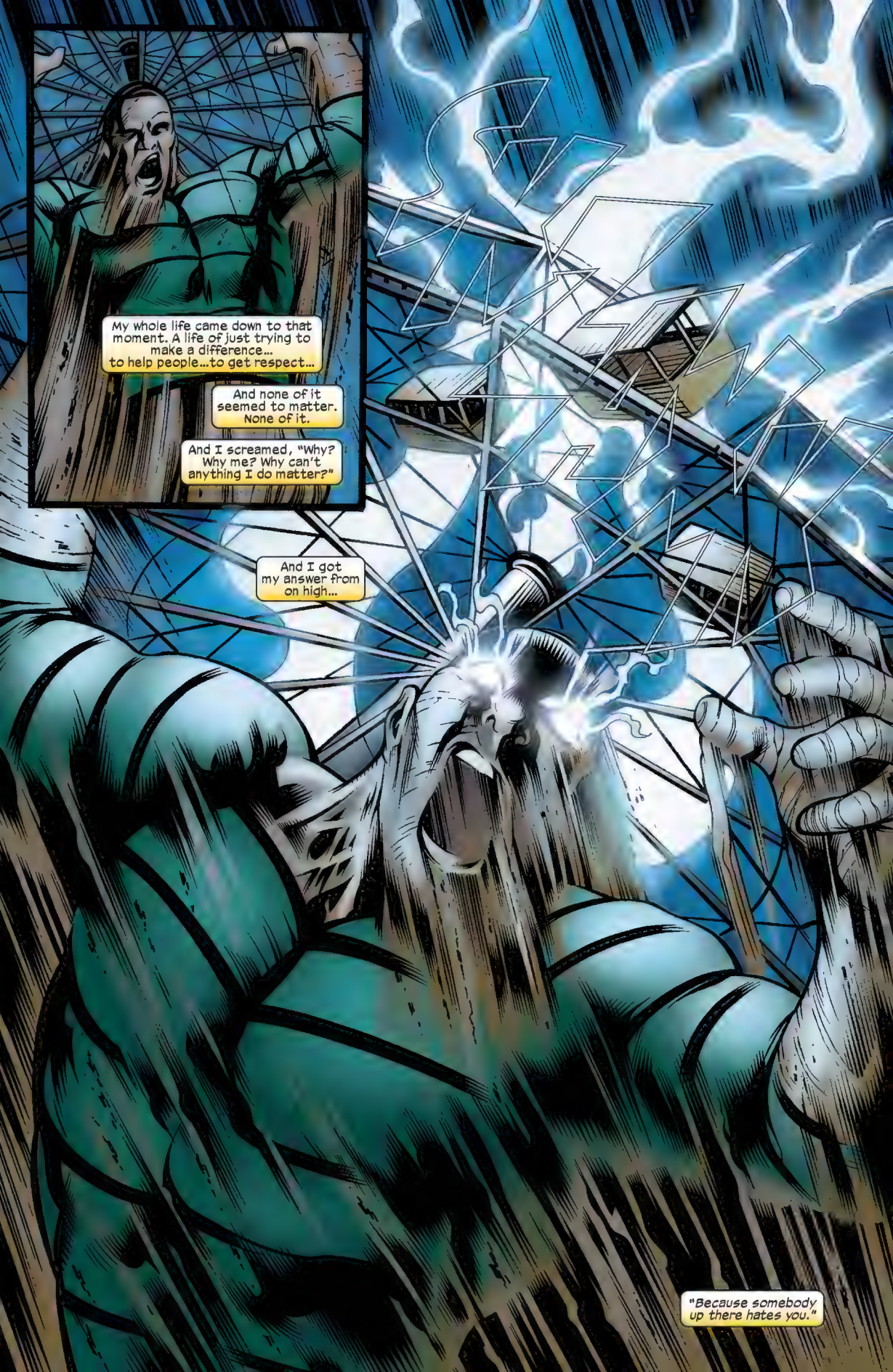
Took refuge on  
the Ferris wheel.  
Fell off.



And I knew  
I had him.

It was getting harder  
to hold myself together  
in the pounding rain. But  
I had to do it for just  
long enough...long enough  
to finish him...





My whole life came down to that moment. A life of just trying to make a difference... to help people...to get respect...

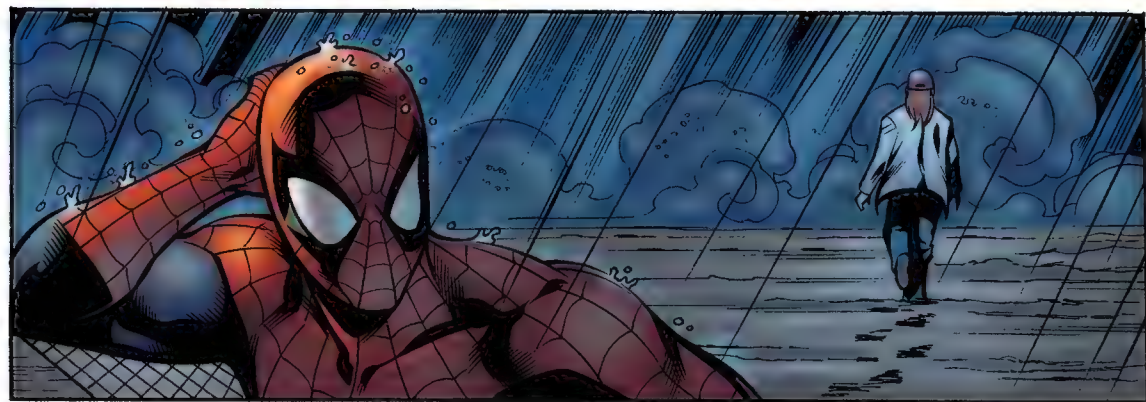
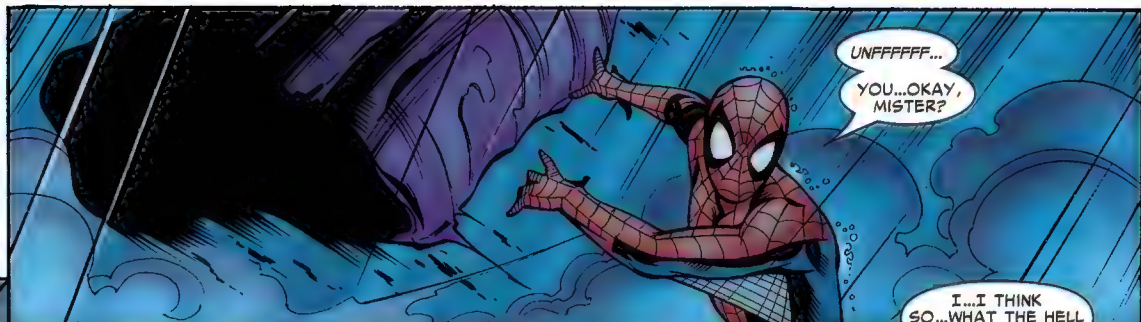
And none of it seemed to matter. None of it.

And I screamed, "Why? Why me? Why can't anything I do matter?"

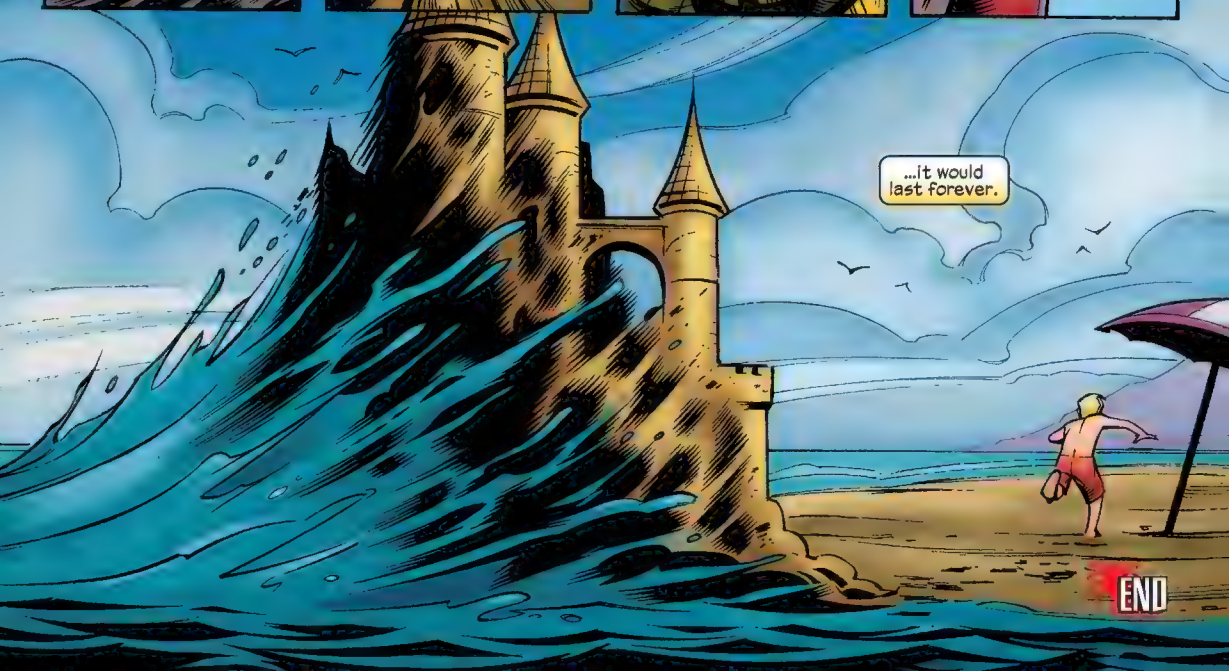
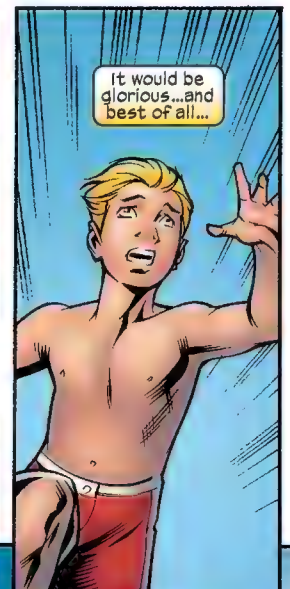
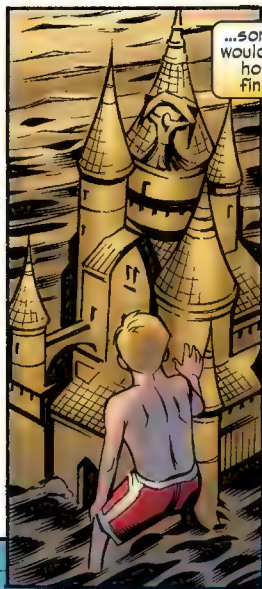
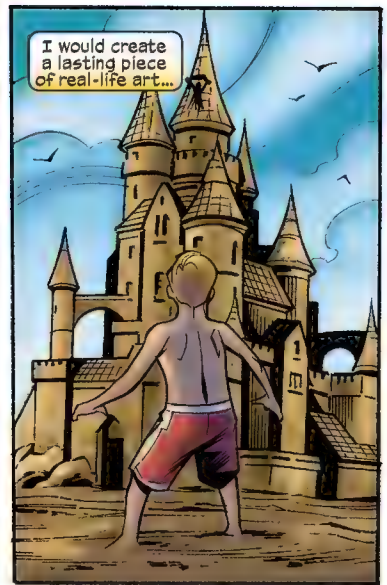
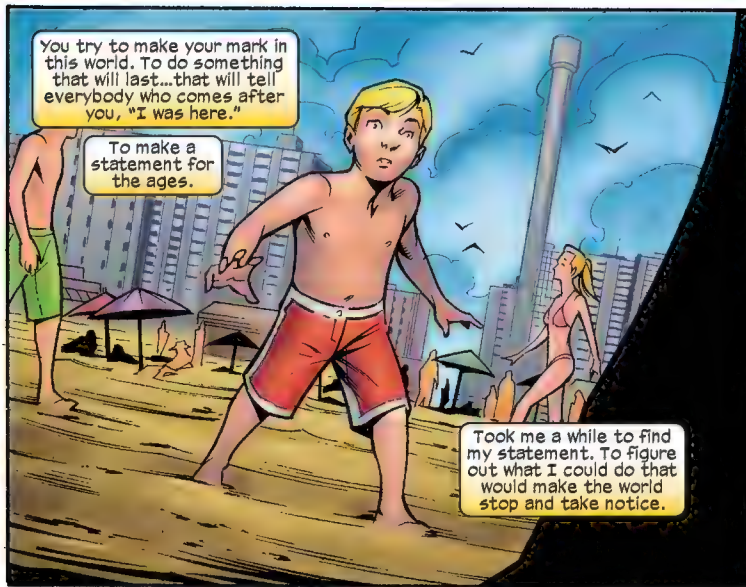
And I got my answer from on high...

"Because somebody up there hates you."













# Leah

Peter David:  
script

Colleen Doran:  
art

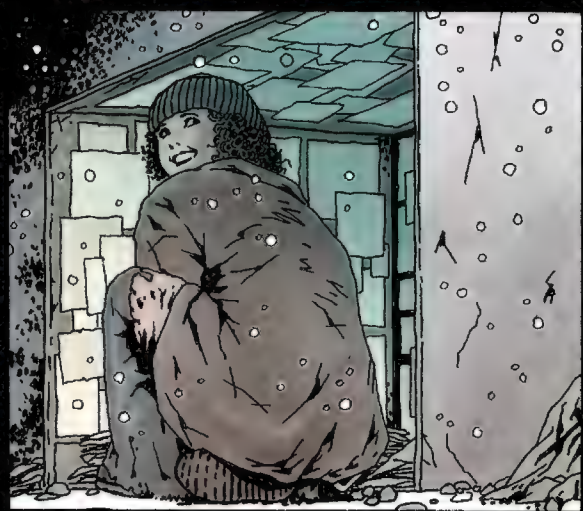
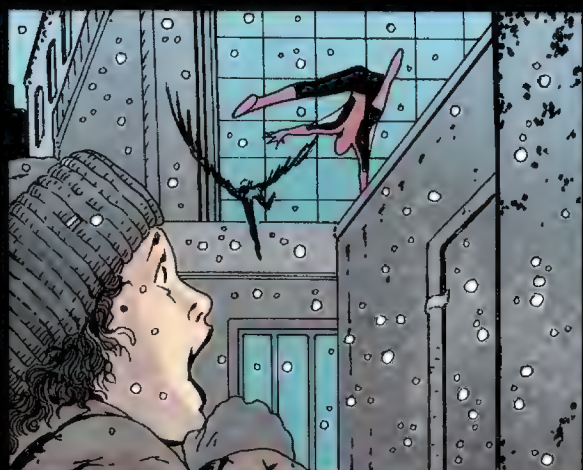
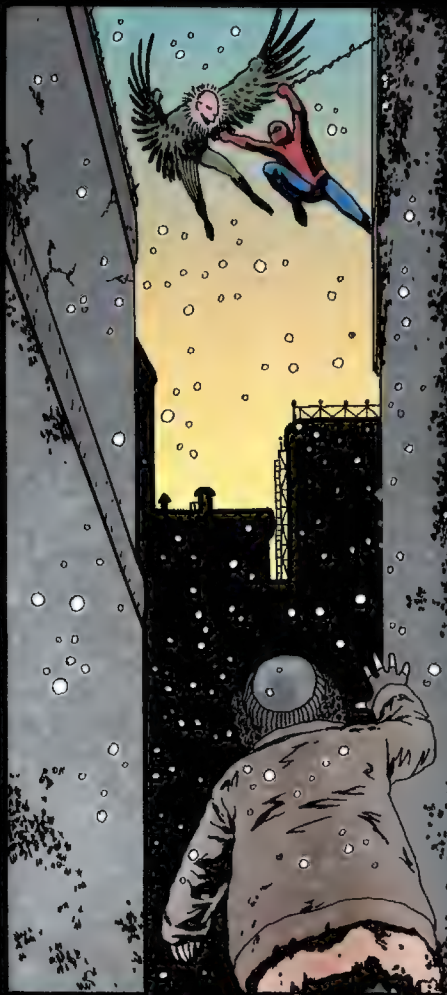
José Villarrubia:  
colors

Todd Klein:  
letters

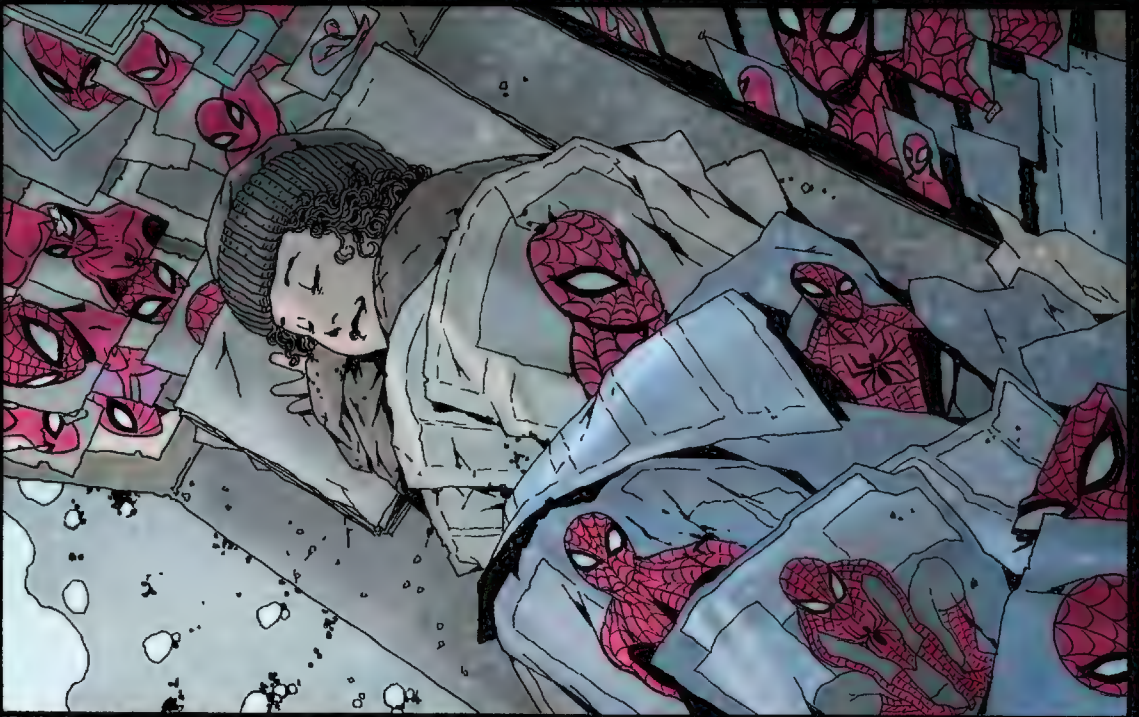
Stephen Wacker:  
editor



















"...LIVER FAILED, AND  
THE KIDNEYS FOLLOWED..."



